

Oxford Democrat.

Old Series, No. 7, Vol. 14.

No. 49, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 15, 1845.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. ELLIS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POSTERY.

[FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

THE RETURN.

She comes, the calm, how fast the along
Is nearing now the cottage door,
She comes, she has been a long year away,
What can she bring her hand to me?

She comes, the friends she held most dear,
Brothers and sisters waiting stand,
And parents too, all, all are here,
Wait they to grasp the loved one's hand!

How bright is at the door, why not
Bound gladly out the loved to greet,
Was she not wont on this dear spot,
A joyous welcome to meet?

Why gather these tears in every eye
Which should now with joy be beaming?
Why heave each breast with a stifled sigh
Which should now with bliss be teeming?

Why weep ye thus? 'tis seven long years
Since your household band have met,
And will you greet the last return'd
With a tear of deep regret?

Yes, you may weep, for she who look'd
With joy to this meeting day,
Has now returned to your aching breasts,
A cold and lifeless clay.

It matter'd not that with thoughts of home
Her heart with joy was rife,
It matter'd not she fondly believ'd
Yet to meet you all in life.

The hand of stern relentless death
Had marked her for his own,
And her youthful form, and ardent hopes,
Did naught to ally his frown.

And where are the other three who went
With you from their homes away,
A healthful and happy band you were,
Where are you all this day?

Two, weak and weary soon returned
Mid early scenes to die,
And the tears of griefs bedew the spot
Where their youthful forms now lie.

And one, whose image yet fondly dwells
In many a beating heart,
Soon laid her down in a distant soil—
Early fore'd from life to part.

And thou, Amanda, the last of that band,
Hast come in thy coffin'd home,
To claim a rest on thy native hill:
From the grave there's none may roam.

There rest thee, lov'd girl, till the great resurrection,
Shall call the dust of the dead to rise,
There rest thy powers all attain'd to perfection,
Sublimed in the clouds of glory in the skies.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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'But it is not genteel to say Mary, and Josephine, and Malvina.'

'It is more natural and familiar, and affectionate, and that is a thousand times better.'

'But you know that we must conform to the usages of the class in which we move.'

'Not to its senseless and affected usages, Malvina. To that doctrine I never subscribe.'

'You cannot, certainly, call it senseless and affected, to say Miss Bray, instead of Malvina?'

'O no, not in certain cases. If a young gentleman, with whom your acquaintance is of recent date and with whom your intercourse is necessarily reserved and formal, addresses you as Miss Bray, it is all well enough. But two young friends, of the same sex, to meet alone for the first time, and Miss Bray and Miss Carter it, is to me insufferable.'

'Then you agree that all gentlemen should speak in that way?'

'No—not in all cases.'

'Well, I most certainly do. In three instances I have cut young gentlemen's acquaintance for the unpardonable rudeness of calling me Malvina.'

'You have?'

'Indeed, I have.'

'You and I are very different in that, as in many other things, Malvina. All my male acquaintances, for whom I have a particular regard, call me Mary. So soon as one of them puts on the Miss, I have a feeling of distance and reserve. For a gentleman, whom I esteem as being a man of pure principles, and good sense, to call me Mary, I feel to be a compliment.'

'But you are an oddity! to talk Miss Malvina Bray response to this. And to talk about having a particular regard for several young gentlemen,—the thing is inconceivable—or if not inconceivable in thought, most impolitic in action.'

'How impolitic, Malvina?'

'Why are you so simple as not to know that all gentlemen are exceedingly jealous? If any particular one pays marked attention to you, and you seem pleased with the attention of any other one, he will be off in a moment.'

'How do you know?'

'Was I not to ask! I thought every young lady knew that fact, and governed herself accordingly.'

'Certainly I am an exception,' was Mary's reply.

'So I should think: for you are the oddest creature in the world, and will die an old maid as certainly as you have existence.'

'I shall not die of grief if I do, that is just as certain. And what is more, I shall have just as many particular friends among the gentlemen as the day of my death, as I now have; for I shall be one of the most cheerful old maids that ever went down to the grave in peace, with all the clustering honors of single blessedness thick about her.'

'Well—well—as I have said before you are an oddity, Mary!—too odd I am afraid, for your own good. But I want to talk to you about a little matter and so must change the subject.'

'Very well, Malvina, say on.'

'You know young Talbot?'

'O, yes—very well, of course, Mary replied, her eye brightening and cheek slightly changing its delicate hue, but all unperceived by her friend.'

'What do you think of him?'

'He is a young man of firm principles. One who would not do a wrong action, deliberately, for his right eye.'

'But don't you think him handsome?'

'He is good looking enough.'

'But isn't he a splendid man?'

'He may be, for all I know. But you judge of that, as you have in eye for eye seen him. I esteem him for his noble mind.'

'His family is one of the best in the city.'

'In what respect?'

'It is connected with some of the first families of the old stock of English gentlemen who emigrated to this country before the Revolution.'

'Indeed! And does that make him any better?'

'How strangely you talk, Mary! Of course it does!'

'Perhaps so. Though my dull apprehension of things prevents me from perceiving its bearing upon his worth as a man. You don't suppose, do you, that the fact of my relationship with Admiral R——, of the British Navy, adds any thing to my value?'

'But you are not related to Admiral R——, surely?'

'I very surely am, if our old family Bible, which has come down through two or three generations, is to be depended on. That informs me that he is my mother's brother, and, of consequence, my Uncle.'

'Why, Mary! You never told me that before!'

'I never told me that before!'

'I never told me that before!'

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'I never told me that before!'

'I never told me that before!'

'O dear, no! not yet. But I look for a declaration soon.'

'How then do you know that he loves you?'

'Easily enough. I have had so many young gentlemen in love with me, that I can tell now in a minute.'

'Enlighten me on that subject, Malvina. I should like to know your secret.'

'There is no secret about it. Any one can tell. If a gentleman had ever been in love with you, you would have soon discovered the fact.'

'By what sign?'

'O, by a hundred! For instance, as in the case of Mr. Talbot, whenever I meet him in company, he always looks at me in such a peculiar, lingering kind of a way.'

'How do you know?'

'Don't I see him?'

'If you are constantly looking at him perhaps you may.'

'How can I help looking at him, when I see him all the while looking at me?'

'Of course that would be out of the question, was Mary's ironical reply, though her covert pleasantry was not perceived.'

'And then, whenever I meet him on Chesnut street, he keeps turning around to look at me for almost half a square, after we have spoken and passed. If not in love with me, why would he do that?'

'I can tell you one thing, Malvina,' Mary said gravely, 'which is that if I were a man, and in love with a young lady, and I were to see her turning round in Chesnut street, and looking after me for half a square, or a quarter of one either, I should not love her much longer.'

'And why not, pray?'

'Because I esteem such conduct both indelicate and improper.'

'I am sure I cannot see anything indelicate or improper in it either,' Malvina rejoined, tossing her head. 'And as to young gentlemen being offended by it, that's all fallacy. They like it.'

'How do you know?'

'If they did not, why would they keep turning around at every ten paces and smiling, and sometimes kissing their hands?'

'Kissing their hands! Bless me! Do young gentlemen ever do that to you?'

'La! yes, often. Only last week Mr. Pimble, who has just returned from a tour through Europe, and wears such a superb moustache and imperial, kissed his hand to me in the most exquisite grace.'

'He did?'

'Certainly he did—and he is not the only one by a dozen.'

'Has Mr. Talbot ever kissed his hand to you in Chesnut street or anywhere else?'

'Yes—No. Let me see? No I don't remember that he has. But I know he wanted to, and he had felt sure that I would have taken it kindly, would have done so long ago.'

'Mary smiled to herself at this reply, and remained silent. When ready to walk, she went out with Malvina, and the two young ladies turned their steps towards Chesnut street. In passing down Eleventh street, Mary bowed and smiled to a female in the window of a house that presented rather a modest appearance.'

'Who is that?'

'That's a young woman who occasionally acts in our family in the capacity of a seamstress. She is a most excellent person.'

'Mary, I am surprised at you! ejaculated her companion, with something of anger and mortification in her face.'

'For what reason? was Mary's simple question.'

'Why, for speaking to that girl and here in the neighborhood! Suppose any body had seen us?'

'What, suppose they had? What then?'

'People would have thought that we were acquainted of hers.'

'They would have thought right, as far as I am concerned: for I am proud to number myself among the acquaintances of a young girl like her, who, having once moved in a wealthy and fashionable circle, is not now, under changed circumstances, ashamed to labor diligently with her own hands, in order to live honestly and independently, and to make lighter the burdens pressing upon a father and mother now far advanced in years.'

'But it was not necessary to remember that you were passing her house. You could easily have been looking at something on the other side of the street.'

'I did not choose to do that,' Mary said firmly and decidedly. 'I always make it a point to speak to Ellen Granger whenever I pass her house, and she happens to be near the window.'

'And to stop and speak to her if you meet her in the street?'

'Certainly I do. What harm is there in doing so I wonder?'

'There is no particular harm—but it is not considered genteel to speak to that kind of people in the street.'

'Aint it indeed! I was not aware of that before. But I can't help it. I'll speak to Ellen Granger whenever I meet her, and whenever I meet her, and to any body else I please.'

'You will find yourself pushed out of good society if you do. But come!—don't stop here, talking into that window. People will take us for country girls.'

The two young ladies had, by this time entered Chesnut street, and Mary had paused to look at something in a shop window that attracted her eye.

'Let them think what they please,' was Mary's reply, continuing to examine the article that had caught her attention. 'I'm not afraid of people's thoughts.'

'Indeed! ejaculated Mary, at this abrupt and unexpected declaration. 'Has he told you so?'

'But come, come, Miss Carter! It is not genteel to stop and look in at the windows along Chesnut street.'

'Genteel, or not genteel,' Mary said, walking on, 'when I come into Chesnut street I expect to see all that is to be seen in the windows or out of them. My looking at a beautiful article displayed to view, doesn't hurt any body, and, therefore, I don't see that it is any body's business.'

'There I did you see that elegant looking man that just went by,' Malvina said, in a low but excited tone. 'He was a most splendid fellow!'

'And he gazed at me steadily fit the eye until he passed, and then turned to look after me. I'm so glad you were away from that window!'

'Gazing young men out of countenance in the street, and then looking behind after them, is genteel, I suppose,' Mary Carter relied to this with some sarcasm in her tone.

'But Malvina had already commenced coquetting with another young fellow, and so Mary's remark was all unheard.'

'Did you see how he looked at me, Miss Carter, or Mary, as you choose to be called?'

'Who?'

'That gentleman who just passed us?'

'Nonsense, Malvina! Why don't you walk along like a sensible, modest, and discreet girl? Certainly, I have far more cause to be ashamed of your want of modesty, than you have of my want of gentility.'

'Malvina was too deeply engaged in looking out for splendid young fellows, to feel the bearing of this remark. Shortly after, some new and exquisitely beautiful prints, displayed in the window of a print seller and picture frame maker, arrested the eye of Mary.'

'Just see, Malvina! Are these not very beautiful? she said, instantly forgetting, in her admiration, the fact it was not genteel to pause before a shop window, and look at engravings, or any other rich and attractive work of art.'

'Do come along, Mary! exclaimed Malvina in a low, pettish tone, giving her arm a slight jerk. 'I am really ashamed of you. Just think how it looks to be seen gazing in at every shop window along the street.'

'It looks as if I was an admirer of pictures, as I really am,' Mary said, quietly, still continuing her examination of the beautiful engravings.'

'Do come, Mary! urged Malvina. 'As I live, there is Talbot, now, on the other side, looking right at us. I wouldn't have had this happen for the world! What will he think of me?'

'As Malvina said this, she moved on a few steps in advance of Mary, glancing across the street, answering Mr. Talbot's bow with a most bewitching smile, and graceful inclination of the head,—her little body fluttering all over with dissembled excitement. As for Mary, she too recoiled and returned a bow and a smile, but with the gentle, calm, dignified ease of a truly polished lady, as she really was.'

Then the two maidens walked on in silence, Malvina turning her head and looking back at every three or four steps.

'Come, let us go up again,' she said, after they had gone about a square.

'Why so? asked Mary, very innocently.'

'Didn't you see how he turned and looked at me?'

'No I did not,' Mary said gravely.

'Well he did then. He turned around six times while we were in sight. He is dead in love with me, that's certain! So come, and let us walk back again.'

'For what reason, Malvina? We are only at Seventh street.'

'To meet him again.'

'How do you know you will meet him?'

'Why, well enough. He'll go up two or three squares, and then turn and come down again. I have sometimes just the same gentleman three or four times in one morning, by just walking up and down Chesnut street.'

'I do not wish to return just now,' Mary said, firmly.

'But I do.'

And, after Malvina said this, she paused.

'Good by, then,' Mary rejoined, good humoredly.

'And good by to you,' was the smiling reply.

Both were pleased at a chance to part, and both proceeded, at once, and with lighter steps, on their separate ways, one up Chesnut street, and the other down.

It was about an hour after, that Mary returned, having made visit to a friend during the time. Unchecked and untrammelled by Malvina, she proceeded up Chesnut street, stopping, for a moment or two at a time, to look at prints, or anything else that attracted her eye. She was engaged in glancing cursorily at a very rich engraving, when some one paused by her side, and called her, in a pleasant voice, by the familiar name of 'Mary.'

She did not start, as if guilty of indecorum, in having paused a moment at a print seller's window, but turned, with a free, innocent smile to respond to the greeting of a friend she highly esteemed—Mr. Talbot.

'Looking at that beautiful engraving, I see,' he remarked.

'Yes, I am doing that very ungenteel thing,' Mary replied, laughing. 'But I make no pretensions to double refined gentility.'

'I don't know that I understand your allusion,' Talbot said, as they walked slowly up the street together.

'Didn't you know that it was ungenteel for a lady to be seen looking into a shop window?'

'No. Is it?'

'So I have been informed.'

'But why is it ungenteel?'

'Because it looks, I believe, as if you had just come from the country, and had never seen anything before in your life.'

'A grave matter, truly. Hereafter, I trust that I shall never again detect you in a serious breach of good breeding,' Talbot said, with mock seriousness.

'I am afraid that I shall prove a constant sinner on this head. My propensity for looking at new and beautiful things, is too strong to be curbed by any mere enunciation of such a law. I must have a better reason than any yet given, for being compelled to look only at young gentlemen, while in Chesnut street, before I utterly abandon the shop windows. I am one of those independent kind of people, who claim the privilege of acting according to their own views and right.'

'And, so long as you live, Mary, reserve to yourself that privilege,' Talbot replied. 'I for one am not afraid but what, acting thus independently, you will be right nine times in ten.'

There was something warm from the heart of the young man, in his expression of this sentiment, which caused the bosom of Mary to glow with a feeling of real pleasure. She was by no means indifferent to his approbation, although she had not sought, in any deviation from her own self-approving conduct, to gain it. In the frank, familiar interchange of sentiment on general topics, that passed between them, as they walked leisurely in the direction of Mary's residence, many words were dropped and many said with a peculiar emphasis, that lingered for hours and days after, pleasingly in the recollection of the maiden.

A few weeks after, Talbot made one of a social party, where Malvina and Mary were present. The former was handsomest of the two, and had a bright, ever changing countenance. He could not help admiring her beauty, her vivacity, and her seeming joyousness of spirit. And yet, in her seeming with her, although she said many pleasant things, they seemed so much like hollow soundings, that they left his heart unimpressed. But in the plainer face of Mary, and in her quiet tones, and pleasantly spoken words, he always felt an interest, scarcely acknowledged by himself.

On this evening, he was much in the company of Malvina, though with no particular design on his part. As they sat conversing together, Miss Bray alluded to the last time they had met on Chesnut street.

'I was rather mortified that day,' Malvina said, 'when I saw you.'

'Ah! For what reason?'

'You know I was with Miss Carter?'

'Yes.'

'And there we were standing front of a window full of pictures?'

'Yes I observed it.'

'You mustn't think, Mr. Talbot, that I am ever guilty of the ungenteel act of stopping, to gaze into shop windows on Chesnut street. I trust that I have been better bred than that. But Miss Carter, who really puts me out of patience, some times, by her utter disregard of all the little observances of good society, would pause before every window in spite of all I could say. She really mortified me dreadfully.'

'Miss Carter is, I believe, disposed to set up her own standard of action, in the most cases.'

'A great deal too much so. If her family was not known to be genteel, I should, really, suspect that there was common blood in some branch of it.—Certainly, Mary makes herself very common on many occasions.'

'Indeed! How does she do that, Miss Bray?'

'Her gazing into the windows along Chesnut street is an instance. Another occurred on the last day we were out together. In passing through a certain street, we went by two or three rather mean looking houses, when what does she do, but bow and smile to a girl sitting by one of the windows. I was really shocked. Suppose any one of your acquaintances had been near at the time, and had seen it I wouldn't have had that happened for the world.'

'But who was the girl she spoke to?'

'Her mother's occasional seamstress! And that is not all. She will stop in the street to talk to her if they happen to meet.'

'There is certainly no crime in that, Miss Bray.'

'No crime! No, of course there is no crime. But think how ungenteel it is Mr. Talbot?'

'Kindness and good feelings exercised towards all, constitute true gentility, Miss Bray. And if by that standard we judge Mary Carter, she will be found in no way deficient. Her mother's seamstress, I now remember to have heard her say, is Ellen Granger, daughter of old Mr. Granger who failed in business a few years ago. Was it Ellen to whom Mary spoke on the occasion you allude to?'

'Yes, I believe so. Though I didn't see her.'

'Then Miss Bray, she spoke to as true a lady as ever breathed the breath of life; I admire her true womanly feeling of independence in regard to all false notions of gentility, in countenancing and acting towards Ellen Granger with kindness and true consideration. I now further remember that she herself told me, that she calls in to see Ellen almost every week, to advise with and encourage her. Admirable girl! How truly do I honor her!'

So surprised, and, indeed, confounded was Miss Malvina Bray at such a declaration of opinion from Mr. Talbot, that she was unable to utter a word in reply, for some moments, and when she did attempt to speak she had no idea that she could venture to put into the form of words, what she had so freely ventured to condemn in her actions, Talbot had warmly approved them. During the remainder of the evening, she was

complished to endure the pain and mortification of seeing this rival made the marked and special object of Mr. Talbot's attentions, while to her it seemed that he did not extend even ordinary civilities. A few months only passed before this mortification reached its climax. Then Mary Carter, the ungenteel Mary Carter became Mrs. Talbot. But there awaited her still a keener rebuke and severer mortification. By her winning smiles, and smiling advances she had entangled another young man of genteel family, so she thought, in meshes of love.

Through the kind attentions of Mrs. Talbot, Ellen Granger, though still poor, and still obliged to toil, daily with her needle, had been partially restored to the circle from which poverty had banished her. No company was ever invited at the house of Mrs. Talbot where she was not present; and the fact of her being there and coming in contact with many, who could perceive and appreciate the intrinsic worth of a fine mind, caused her to be invited in other quarters. Her presence in company, always shocked the sensitive gentility of Malvina Bray, and she never could be induced to treat Ellen with even common politeness. Judge then of her chagrin, when this unexceptionable young gentleman, whom she had fondly imagined completely caught, became evidently enamored of Ellen Granger, and in a few months, led her to the altar of Hymen!

Ten years have passed, and how do matters stand now? A certain young man, known by courtesy as still being taking her daily promenade down Chesnut street, conquering the young men with the smiling vanity of a pretty miss just turned of seventeen. Her name is Malvina Bray, and Malvina Bray, it will doubtless remain to the end of the chapter.

ANCIENT MOUNDS IN FLORIDA.

We find in the *N. York Express* the following report of a meeting of the Historical Society in that city on the subject of the ancient mounds in Florida.

The table was covered with a collection of pottery and skulls, taken from ancient mounds in Florida, by Mr. James R. Hitchcock, of this city, in 1841, and now presented to this Society.

They were parts of bowls and vessels of similar shape, all rounded, apparently, with the hands, and made of coarse reddish clay, mixed with sand, much resembling similar remains found in all parts of the United States. They were, like those of the Florida mounds, ornamented with ridges and lines near the brims, some had, one in the form of a duck's head, and another a bird.

It is commonly reported by traditions in the neighborhood, that several of the mounds were opened fifty or sixty years ago, but never since. The mounds are numerous on the Apalachicola, but on the east side of the bay, the shore is strewn with broken pottery, as if many mounds had been washed away by the waves.

The mounds are usually not above twelve or eighteen feet high, and thirty to fifty in diameter, and are often overgrown with trees, some of which have the evidence of great age; among others live oaks, two or three feet in diameter, and one with a cavity capable of containing six or seven men.

The mounds are situated, some in dense hammocks almost impenetrable, and some in open barren places. With the help of men and implements, he opened many; but all except one had been opened long before; three or four feet below the surface of that was a skeleton of a man pronounced by a neighboring physician to have been about seven feet tall, with a skull of greater breadth than length through. [Two of the skulls on the table presented an extraordinary disproportion of the same kind.] This skeleton was the only one found recumbent; the others all appeared to be sitting, the skulls being found resting on the upper part of the thigh bones, and no vertebrae, ribs, &c. remaining. Below the gigantic skeleton were several circles of sitting ones around the mound. From that mound were taken most of the specimens presented.

The cavities of the skulls and bones were filled with sand, and they were so situated as to be removed until they had lost a considerable amount of the sun. The jars or bowls were of various sizes, from five inches to eighteen inches or more, and were found under the skulls, which rested upon them often accompanied with conch shells. Every vessel except one had a small hole knocked through the bottom, and this is said to be universally the fact. It is accounted for by the inhabitants supposing that it was done to prevent the rifling of the mounds.

Some of the mounds had no traces of pottery, but in others only fragments of pottery. Some contained great quantities of conch, oyster and clam shells—the last very large, and not now known on the coast. These were called feasting mounds. A stone axe-head and earthen pipe were among the objects presented. Flint arrow and spear heads were also met with in the mounds, as well as a few beads and necklaces, made of clamshells. One head, very curious, has been lost.

It was about an inch in length, three quarters in diameter, cylindrical, and formed of several coats of different colors, and a part of it was stolen. It was found in the ear of one of the jars, and was said to contain several pebbles and quartz.

Mr. H. opened a mound thirteen miles from Apalachicola, on the bay, and found a little pottery and was driven away by insects. He learned by a Florida gentleman, who had taken an interest in mounds for twenty years, that the Seminoles Indians knew nothing of the origin. Another gentleman from Georgia, assured him, that a few years ago the remains of a pottery manufactory were found some feet

below the surface of the earth near Flint River, with a wheel, vessels, made by turning, and one in an unfinished state.

Mr. Jay read an extract from John Lawson's New Voyage to North Carolina, made in early times, which stated that the natives were then furnished with earthen vessels dug up from the ground.

Additional information was given to some of the members by a late officer of our Florida army, who has seen mounds in most parts of Florida, always near rivers.

The skulls were referred to Dr. Charles Lee, and the pottery to Mr. Scholer for a future report.

EXTINCT HUMAN RACES.

In the remotest parts of North and East Asia, remains have been discovered, which prove that nearly the whole continent was once occupied by human races, whose very names have perished. Some of those nations appear to have made progress in the arts and civilization. Their tombs are found to spread over the countries eastward of Jenisey in great numbers and are of magnificent construction. They contain fragments of earthen manufacture or porcelain, ornaments, and various implements of silver, gold and copper. The learned academics of St. Petersburg have satisfied themselves that such relics belonged to a people who must have disappeared before the light of history dawned upon these countries. Discoveries leading to a similar result have been traced through the New world, from the countries bordering on the Mississippi and Ohio, where tombs are found containing skeletons of a different conformation from the present native tribes, to the high-table land of Tiliaca, in the Peruvian Cordillera, where are seen the supposed ancient representatives of the Flat Heads. Even in the islands of Polynesia, vestiges are discovered which have been referred to a former race of inhabitants; and there are facts which indicate that extensive countries in Europe were occupied by races of a different physical character from the present natives, in times which preceded the arrival of the Celts and Goths, and other Indo Germanic nations from the East.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT—LOSS OF LIVES.

The steamer Swallow, on her trip from Albany to New York, on Monday night, about nine o'clock, in a thick snowstorm, struck a rock when the boat was opposite Athens, parted midships, filled and went down in twenty-five feet of water. She had from 250 to 350 passengers on board, several of whom are missing. At the time of the disaster, the steamboats Express and Rochester were fortunately at hand, and by means of a plank and small boats, most of the passengers were rescued from their perilous condition.

The scene is described as having been one of great horror. The darkness of the night—the terrors of the men, and the shrieks of many of the women, mingled with the moans of others, struck the hearts of the boldest. To add to the distress of the scene, the boat took fire, which fortunately was extinguished either by her position in the water or the efforts of the crew.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who was on board at the time of the calamity, says: "The boat is a complete wreck. It was a mournful sight as we cast off from her side. The captain behaved nobly—calming fears and making his voice heard every where in advice, with the most thorough judgment and self-possession. The baggage is almost all deep under water, and will be recovered only in a damaged state."

The Albany papers of Wednesday bring further particulars of the disaster, with the sad certainty of the loss of many lives. The steam-wreck on

urate into the stern of the boat, which is sunk deep into the water—several attempts had been made, but it was found absolutely impossible. It is feared there are many bodies in the stern of the boat, as there was a rush in that direction when the boat struck.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 15, 1845.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature adjourned, sine die, on Tuesday morning last, after a laborious session of 89 working days, having passed 132 Acts and 94 Resolves.

When the Legislature met, they found a very large amount of business which had been referred over by past Legislatures. This business, of necessity, had to be reviewed, reexamined, and passed upon by the present Legislature. The amount of private legislation called for has been unusually large. The long space that will intervene before the Legislature will hold another session, has induced those who have any desire for legislative enactments to present them at the present session, and the desire of the present Legislature to finish up the business, to "clear the dock," in order to give the summer session a fair trial, all contributed to lengthen the session to a greater period than was anticipated.

The Augusta Age says:—"The amount of bills and resolves actually passed, exhibit but a small part of the labor actually performed by the members. The great field of hard labor and unremitting toil is in the committee room. Here the numerous projects for laws, are examined, and the bills which come before the legislature for its consideration, matured. Nor does the business which receives the attention of the legislature exhibit the full amount of business which engages the attention of the committees. The present legislature assembled under the strong impression that every new law that might be enacted, or every change that might be effected in existing laws, was not necessarily an improvement, but might on the contrary prove a positive injury to the community. Hence every proposed amendment of existing laws, and every proposition for new acts, have been scanned with uncommon closeness, and unless the changes sought could be clearly demonstrated to be of public utility, the approbation of the committees have been withheld. In this manner has a vast amount of labor been expended in investigating matters which have been finally rejected as useless or injurious to the people. All who have been at all conversant with the proceedings of our legislature will bear willing testimony to the promptness and patient, untiring zeal with which the members of the present legislature have discharged the important, yet comparatively unseen, and to the mass of the people unknown, duties of the committee room."

New York Election.

UNPARALLELED VICTORY! The Democrats of New York City have elected their Mayor by a majority of nearly Seven Thousand, and have carried fifteen out of the sixteen Wards. So complete a victory has never been won by any party in that city. The triumph of the Natives last spring was but a cypher in comparison with this glorious victory. Then the Natives left the Whigs only an Assessor in the 2nd Ward. Now the Democrats have allowed them, the Natives, but a claim to a seat in the same Ward, nominated and elected by the joint action of the Whigs and Natives, equal to about one half a trophy. Then the Natives had to yield to the Democrats five and a half Wards; now they have not got one, and the Whigs but two wards. Harper's majority last year was near 4000, now Harvey's approaches 7000, showing a gain on the popular vote of over 10,000.

BROOKLYN.

The Democrats have elected their Mayor, and have a majority in the City Council.

ALBANY.

The Democrats have elected their Mayor, and the Whigs have a small majority in the City Council.

Island Election.

THE LIBERATION PARTY! Action from all the towns in the Algerine State show the triumph of the liberation party in the election of Charles Jackson, their candidate for Governor, by two thirds and three hundred majority.

H. Y. Cranston, whig, and Samuel H. Arnold, liberation candidate, are elected to Congress. The Legislature, owing to a gerrymander, is whig, Senate 21 to 10; House 43 to 24.

This is a great triumph, and ought to result in the liberation of Gov. Dorr. But as the pardoning power rests with the Legislature, instead of the Governor, it is a matter of uncertainty whether the wishes of the people, as manifested at the ballot-box, will be respected by the Algerines who will control the Legislature. In fact, it is almost too much to expect his release by the hands of such merciless tyrants.

CONNECTICUT.

The election, for members of Congress and State officers, took place a week ago yesterday. The result in 1 but twenty-four towns is about the same as in the general contest, although the vote is considerably smaller.

Darwin, whig, has 25,248 votes, Toucy, democrat, 22,092, and scattering 1679.

Legislature.—As far as heard from there are elected to the House 59 Whigs, 59 Democrats, 1 Abolitionist. There are 29 districts which made no choice.

James Dixon, of Hartford; Samuel D. Hubbard, of Middletown; John A. Rockwell, of Norwich, and Truman Smith, of Litchfield, all Whigs, are elected to the next Congress, in the place of four Democrats in the late Congress.

John Vanhook, of Woodbury has been appointed to the office of Postmaster in Portland.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION IN PORTLAND.—The election for choice of Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen, took place last Tuesday. No choice of Mayor. The candidates were A. W. H. Clapp, (dem.) who received 633 votes; Greeley, (whig), 816, and Winslow, (Native and Temp.) 314.

Net Democratic gain from last spring 145.

Ward 1 and 4 elected their Aldermen, both Whigs. In the other five Wards there was no choice.

Ward 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 made no choice of Common Councilmen.

To-morrow is appointed for a second trial for Mayor.

UNANIMOUS! The Whigs of Portland had a caucus to nominate a candidate for Mayor on the Saturday previous to their Municipal election, and there was a tremendous rush! Five were present! and Mr. Greeley was unanimously nominated. O'ercome! what enthusiasm! The Democracy of Portland must be used up at the next trial, no mistake.

A TALL TREE.—A traveler, in giving some description of the region of country at the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon Territory, thus speaks of a pine standing in the primeval forest in the rear of Astoria. It was thirty-nine feet and six inches in circumference eight feet above the ground, and had a bark eleven inches thick. The height could not be ascertained, it was thought to be upwards of two hundred and fifty feet, and was perfectly straight. Such a tree as that in our down-east forests would make our Maine Lumbermen look up twice to see the top.

HORRIBLE.—A child of Mr. Elisha McKenney, of Wisconsin, aged about five years, was so badly burnt by her clothes taking fire at the fire place in the town School House, about two weeks ago, that her life is despaired of.

The Governor of Mississippi has appointed Hon. Jacob Thompson to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Andrew Walker.

Mr. Benjamin Bushe, the oldest man in Vermont, died at Greensboro, in that State, on the 21st ultimo, at the advanced age of one hundred and fifteen years!

Capt. Tyler, at the last accounts, was seizing the James river for his summer supply of fish.

LIBERAL TARIFF PRINCIPLES BECOMING THE POLICY OF ENGLAND.

The news from England by the Cambria proclaims the down fall of the high protective policy in the land of its invention. The Ministry had brought before Parliament a proposition to modify materially the existing Tariff laws of the British realm, and fix them on a basis better calculated to promote the commercial interests of the English people. These modifications of the English Tariff cannot but have a favorable effect on the agricultural interests of this country, as well as upon the trade between the United States and Great Britain. The proposition of the Ministry is to abolish altogether the important duties on cotton, coal, glass, staves for casks, and a miscellaneous list of 430 other different articles; and so materially lower the present duty on sugar. It seems that both the merchants and the manufacturers of England have been urging the repeal of the duties on cotton. The great importing houses of Liverpool have recently memorialized Sir Robert Peel for the abrogation of that duty. Their memorial says:—"The most formidable rival of the British manufactures in this trade (that of cotton manufactured goods) is found in the rapidly increasing and improved manufacture of the U. S. of America," and gives as a proof of the progress of manufactures in this country—"the great increase of the export trade to China." If the British merchants could have accomplished their project of a "free trade" arrangement with the cotton growers of Texas, they would hardly thought of repealing the duties on the cotton of the United States and our New England manufacturers, who are now the formidable rivals of the British in the China trade would have soon cursed the policy of that party which opposed the measure of annexation.—*Dover Gazette.*

APPOINTMENTS TO OFFICE.—We are glad to see that public attention has been directed to the injustice which has been inflicted upon the Northern and Western States in the distribution of offices by the general government. In every department great injustice has been done, the States adjacent to the District, and the District itself, heretofore enjoying almost a monopoly. This has been particularly unjust in the Navy, for while the hardy seamen, of the North have manned the ships, the sons of the Southern planters have officered them. The fault belongs alike to both parties, when in power; but it is an evil, and a great evil, which we hope the democratic party will correct. The law which we annex, will go far to remove the injustice, but much still remains for the Executive to do.

And be it further enacted, That appointments shall hereafter be made, in proportion, as near as may be, to the number of representatives and Delegates to Congress, and that until such a proportion shall have been established, all future appointments shall be made from such States and Territories as have not their relative proportion of midshipmen on the Navy list, whenever there are suitable applicants from such States or Territories; and provided, further, that in all cases of appointment the individual selected shall be an actual resident of the State from which the appointment purports to be made, and that the District of Columbia be considered as a Territory in this behalf.

The Globe has some excellent remarks upon appointments to office, suggesting the duty of the government to appoint mechanics to all offices within their province. It is, as a general thing, seldom that a mechanic applies for an office, and many offices which would be filled by a mechanic or a farmer, are now filled by a man of no special learning or profession.—the knowledge acquired by the fortunate applicant, in the study of

of his profession, being perhaps as appropriate to the office as a knowledge of surgery is to the raising of potatoes. The Globe remarks: "These considerations should, in our opinion, induce the Chief Magistrate to make it an inviolable rule whenever an office comes within the province of a mechanic, to confer it upon one."

Whenever the duty has reference to construction, and depends on any of the arts in which mechanical education and capacity are required, a mechanic should be appointed to the office of direction. As the circumstance of a peculiar education unites the artist for almost all the offices of government, those adapted to their acquirements should never be conferred on an individual of any other class of citizens. The executive should seize every occasion, where such opportunity offers, to distinguish able, and worthy, and patriotic members of this order with the government patronage. It is proper that the arts and mechanical skill of our countrymen should be thus distinguished by government favor; and it is just that the disinterested patriotism which stimulates such multitudes of laboring men to sacrifice their private interests to a public cause on fields of battle and at the hostings, should have the evidence of the respect and consideration of the government bestowed upon some member of the class whenever it is compatible with the nature of the trust to be bestowed.

Gov. DORR.—The election of Mr. Jackson as Governor of Rhode Island, is a triumph of "Dorism" not at all agreeable to the enemies of popular sovereignty. The contest was conducted with reference to Gov. Dorr's liberation for continued confinement; this was the only question at issue between those who supported Jackson, and Fenner, both being whigs, and differing in their political sentiments only on this point. It is true that there is an Algerine legislature, but we do not think that even such reckless and heartless men as these Algerines have proved themselves to be, will dare you to set the popular will again at defiance. If they do, they will probably be taught by the people even as Rhode Island has been taught by the people elsewhere, by their vote on a constitution adopted by their votes, and of a Governor lawfully elected—that there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

We are more gratified at this triumph of the friends of Gov. Dorr, because it was unexpected. We had not supposed that there was so much virtue among a people whose chief characteristic has of late years been poltroonery. If Gov. Dorr is honorably released, it will be one step towards removing the disgrace which attaches to the State. Hon. James F. Simmons, U. S. Senator from R. Island, and an ultra whig, even he was disgusted with the shameful treatment of Gov. Dorr; and in declaring his attention to vote for Mr. Jackson, said, that "out of Rhode Island, there is but one voice on the subject, and that voice is in favor of the liberation of Dorr; that whigs as well as democrats denounce Dorr's imprisonment as inhuman, and continually cry out against it." Mr. Simmons was undoubtedly correct in speaking the sentiments of the best or honest portion of the whigs; but as a general thing, at least in Maine, the federal press have been mere echoes throughout of the Boston Atlas, and have appeared to take great delight in talking about "Dorism," and picturing the victim of Algerine malice as a convicted felon.

General Jackson.—Isaac Hill of New Hampshire was on a journey to the Southern section of the Union in search of health. He lately visited the Hermitage, the seat of Andrew Jackson in Tennessee, and a letter from Mr. Hill, published in the last number of Hill's N. H. Patriot, says:

"I found Gen. Jackson better in health than I expected; yet so weak, if it were any other man, I could scarcely suppose he would live a week. For the last four months he has not attempted to take his customary meals with his family. He sat through the day in a well constructed easy chair, with his writing materials, his miniature bible and hymn book before him; brought as soon as the mail arrives the newspapers; and during the four days I tarried at the Hermitage his first enquiry was for the daily Washington newspapers and the letters bearing the post mark of the capital.

"The General has lengthened out his life for years by his prudence and abstinence. His complaint is pulmonary: one lobe of the lungs he believes to be entirely consumed. The condition is shown by the shortness of breath, which almost entirely precludes the benefit of personal exercise. When he moves it is so quickly as to produce no disturbance. His feet and ankles are swollen from continued sitting, and he finds a substitute for salutary exercise only in the bathing of his limbs every evening in those emollients calculated to produce a healthy action of the skin. Weak as he is, he shaves with his own hand, and combs and adjusts the ample gray hair which continues to add to the dignity of his appearance."

A gentleman has this morning given us a key to the mysterious origin of many a conflagration. He drew from his office, he found, a box of lucifer matches. Not that he supposed it to have been spontaneous combustion—matches do not play such tricks. The cause of their ignition, though much less likely to be suspected, was soon revealed. The paper box was nibbled in many places by a mouse, and the probability is that, having eaten through the paper, the little marauder plied his work upon the matches, turning one or more of them round by the process, and producing the friction, a slight desire of light.

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